JILTING OF S. E. SAVACOOL

By... W. H. OSBORNE

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Sarah Elizabeth Savacool was one of the nicest little girls in the world. And yet she'd never had a beau. The other girls in Cypress Hills had beaus by the dozen, but not Sarah Elizabeth Savacool—she belonged to the class that somehow had to do without.

"Never you mind, Sarah Elizabeth," her mother would remark, "you bide your time. Just you wait till Mr. Wright appears." But Mr. Wright for some reason did not turn up. Whether it was that Sarah Elizabeth did not dance well or that she lacked the artificial airs and graces of the girls around her she failed to attract the men. Perhaps the men in Cypress Hills didn't understand the worth of true womanhood.

"I don't know what it is," sighed Sarah Elizabeth as she consulted her mirror in her room, "but they don't take to me, that's all."

It worried her, for she belonged to a marrying family. It came to the point where Sarah Elizabeth dreaded to go to dances or to card parties—she was destined to turn out the one wallflower of the occasion. She was just at the age when this crushing indifference might have soured her young life forever. But at this juncture the unexpected happened.

The Tollivers were giving the largest dance of the season and, of course, Sarah Elizabeth was invited to attend.

"I simply cannot—will not—go," she told herself. "I can't go through a thing like that again." Her mother, however, tried to keep her to the front.

"Now, just you go, Sarah Elizabeth," she said. "I'm going to get Miss Carlos to make you a brand new gown—and just the kind you like. You go—and who knows? Maybe Mr. Wright will be on hand this time."

Sarah Elizabeth went. There was even a certain amount of anticipatory pleasure in getting ready. She went and took her place in an unaccustomed corner and waited. Her heart sank within her, for there were all the girls she knew and all the fellows, the same old ones, and she knew there was no chance for her among them. As she watched them with burning cheeks, the mother of the Tollivers approached. Some one was with her.

"Sarah Elizabeth," said Mrs. Tolliver, "I'm going to introduce to you Mr. John Post, a new arrival in Cypress Hills. Mr. Post, Miss Savacool." The old lady bent down and smoothed a ribbon on Sarah Elizabeth's collar and whispered in her ear: "He's the son of Judge Post, the circuit judge. He's come here to stay, to practice law. That's who he is."

Mr. John Post sat down. He was a clever looking fellow, with a good square jaw. He entered into a spirited conversation with an ease of manner that would have staggered Cypress Hills. Sarah Elizabeth as soon as she realized that for the time being she was no longer a wallflower soon recovered her equilibrium. The more he talked the more she talked.

"You won't like my dancing one bit," she confided to him as he asked her for the first. "None of the fellows do." He laughed aloud.

"It can't be worse than mine," he said. "I guess you'll have to lead me most of the time." Sarah Elizabeth did. No one noticed it, but she had to take the initiative, and they both enjoyed it. It was the most hilarious waltz she had ever danced.

"You're worse than I am," she conceded when they finished.

"I admit it." He glanced at her. "And that's saying a good deal," he retorted gayly. "Under the circumstances," he continued, "do you think it wise for me to dance with any of the other girls?"

He did make the attempt, but most of his time was spent in the conservatory with Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. "It was outrageous," so said the girls who would have rejoiced to be in her place.

John Post escorted Sarah Elizabeth to her home. After that he escorted himself on divers occasions to the same place. There was a charm about Sarah Elizabeth that peculiarly attracted him. There was a charm about him that attracted her.

And on one other eventful evening John Post led Sarah Elizabeth Savacool to the cozy corner underneath the stairs and took her in his arms and kissed her and told her what he thought. And—she returned the compliment. Now in Cypress Hills one does not become engaged, as it were, but there exists what is known as an "understanding." This understanding seemed to exist between John Post and Sarah Elizabeth Savacool. And Sarah Elizabeth believed in John. She believed in his work, in his success, and more than all she believed in his fidelity. Now this was a concession, for in a place where you do not get engaged there's many a slip—you can never know whether he is really yours or somebody else's. Perhaps this lends excitement to the situation.

But for six months John Post justified her belief. And then all of a sudden Sarah Elizabeth noticed a slight change in him. He was graver, more thoughtful, more silent. She could not make it out. Any astute mind would have seen at once that it meant simply that there was another girl. But not so Sarah Elizabeth. She still believed in John.

One evening he came in rather late. He did not remove his overcoat, and he held his hat still in his hand. He had something on his mind.

"Sarah Elizabeth," he began, looking everywhere but at her face, "do you—do you still think as much of me as ever? I—I want to know." Sarah Elizabeth's breath came in gasps, but she assented.

"I want to be honest," went on John Post. "I want you to know the truth—there's no good of spoiling two lives simply for—for the sake of a sentiment."

He did not look at her. "Yes," gasped Sarah Elizabeth, "I suppose—so."

John Post swallowed hard. "And so," he went on, "I thought I'd come around and tell you—that—that I'd better stop coming here before any talk began about our—about our going together, you know."

Before any talk began! As though it had not been a foregone conclusion that he and she were steady company of the most pronounced kind. Her heart sank as she thought of what the people would say now—now that she was—jilted.

He rose awkwardly and held out his hand. "And so I came to—say goodby. I hope you won't take any offense. I—I mean well. I think you know that, Sarah Elizabeth."

"Yes," she gasped again.

"Goodby, Sarah Elizabeth," he said, holding out his hand.

"Goodby!" she echoed feebly.

And then for the first time he looked full into her face. As he did he started back, for the face was the white face of a girl in whom all hope was dead, a face blanched with despair. He stood looking at her for a second.

Suddenly he tore off his overcoat, threw down his hat and, bounding across the room, caught her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"You silly little goose!" he exclaimed as he kissed her. "You dear little girl! Did you really think I meant it?"

"But—but you did mean it," exclaimed Sarah Elizabeth.

"Did I?" he replied, adding considerable enthusiasm to his demonstrations. "You little goose! Why, what day is this?"

Sarah Elizabeth was bewildered, but she answered, "It's—it's Wednesday."

He laughed. "It's more than that—more than that," he said joyously, "for it's April fool day in the bargain." He reached down in his pocket and produced a small, square box. "Now," he exclaimed, "are you convinced that I was only fooling?" It was a diamond ring, and on the inside rim she read, "J. P. to S. E. S., Apr. 1, '02."

Two Small Pairs.

In University place a boy, preceded by a dog, encountered a woman, preceded by a smaller dog. The dogs halted; so did their owners. The animals looked at each other fixedly from a distance of six feet, each with his tail waving over his back and each uttering low growls.

"Call off your dog!" exclaimed the woman as she saw the situation.

"Call off yours!" replied the boy.

"Can't you restrain your dog?" she demanded in a high key.

"He ain't doin' nothin'."

"Yes, he is; he's intimidating my Fido."

"But your Fido is givin' him sass. I ain't goin' to restrain my dog when your dog is sayin' he can lick him with one hand tied behind his back."

"Here, Fido, haven't you more care for your reputation than to face such a low down cur as that? Come here this instant! I shall punish you for this!"

"Here, Shakespeare," said the boy as he gave his dog a light kick, "you let that animal alone. You tackled one like him last fall and you had indigestion for two months. He ain't alive. He's a stuffed lamb with a dog's tail glued on, and the woman works him with a string. Come along, and I'll show you a reg'lar live dog."—New York Press.

Carried It Too Far.

A Chicago millionaire, George T. Cline, had an extraordinary hobby. He was a connoisseur of Irishmen, according to the local papers. Though on himself he would never spend more than 15 or 20 cents a day, he thought nothing of buying Irishmen sumptuous dinners, with champagne, in order to hear them talk in their musical brogue. An Irishman once played Colonel Cline false. He stole a pair of boots from him. Discovering the theft, the millionaire pursued the Irishman, overtaking him as he was about to enter a pawnshop with the boots in his hand. "Those are my boots; you have stolen them," said Colonel Cline. "Sure, it was only a joke," said the Irishman. But the inexorable millionaire haled the thief before a magistrate, and here again the man repeated, "It was only a joke, your honor." "Only a joke, hey?" said the magistrate. "Well, Mr. Cline, how far away from your house had he carried the boots when you overtook him?" "Over a mile, sir," replied the millionaire. "Held for court," said the magistrate. "This is a case of carrying the joke too far."

Of Course Not.

A judge of one of the United States circuit courts has a five-year-old niece of whom he is very proud. A few days ago she came to him and said with a very serious air:

"Uncle, there is a question about law I want to ask you?"

"Well, dear, what is it?" patiently inquired the judge.

"Uncle, if a man had a peacock and it went into another man's yard and laid an egg, who would the egg belong to?"

The judge smiled indulgently and replied:

"Why, the egg would belong to the man who owned the peacock, but he could be prosecuted for trespassing if he went on the other's property to get it."

The child seemed very much interested in the explanation and then observed innocently:

"Uncle, did it ever occur to you that a peacock couldn't lay an egg?"

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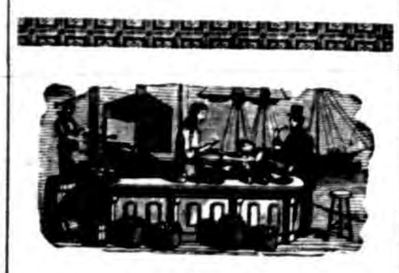

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